

could still cause, death and destruction in the former Yugoslavia.

In terms of economic reform, the government of President Djukanovic has said that it would like to begin a major privatization of state assets sometime later this year. The United States, our allies, and the international financial institutions not only should support this, but should be involved in it. We have learned from hard experience throughout the former communist world, that if outside powers do not get involved, it is just too tempting for well-placed individuals to cream off the best for themselves, to the disadvantage of the populace as a whole.

Montenegro deserves our support, because its government wants to follow good models of governance, economics, and politics, despite the risk that its democratic and free-market policies could bring civil war, military coup, sudden exile, or even worse, assassination. Let us not forget that it was in Montenegro that Milosevic's hit-men shot and wounded Vuk Draskovic, the Serbian opposition leader. Standing up to Milosevic, when you live inside Yugoslavia, takes courage. Standing up to Milosevic in the name of a majority of your 650,000 countrymen, as President Djukanovic is doing, takes quite a bit of courage.

It seems clear to me that what we have on our hands in Montenegro is a case where we have American strategic interest combined with a moral imperative.

Let us not be caught flat-footed in Montenegro. Let us be vigilant and on guard.

First, I call upon our government to make clear to President Milosevic that the United States will not tolerate the overthrow of the legally elected government of Montenegro.

Second, I urge in the strongest terms that the United States immediately take the lead within NATO in drawing up detailed contingency plans for responding affirmatively to any request by the Djukanovic government for assistance in repelling aggression by the Yugoslav Army against Montenegro.

Third, in order that this not become a partisan issue in the fall election campaign, I urge the Administration to include representatives of both Vice President GORE and Governor Bush in all deliberations on the situation in Montenegro.

I hope that all members of Congress, and indeed all Americans, will agree that we owe it to ourselves, to our allies, and to our friends in Montenegro and in the Balkans, to be prepared. As somebody once observed, "summoning the will to win is one thing; the more important thing is summoning the will to prepare." Deterrence is much cheaper than war-fighting. Milosevic must be made to understand that he will not be allowed to get away with his fifth war of aggression in 10 years.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM GRANT SMITH NEAL ON THE 56TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN LANDING ON GUAM

• Mr. KOHL. Mr. President, 56 years ago today, the United States Marine Corps landed on the island of Guam to liberate its people from Japanese occupation. One of the marines involved in that action was William Grant Smith Neal who subsequently received the Purple Heart for wounds sustained during action on that island the following day. William Neal died on July 9, 2000 and one more American veteran of World War II has been taken from us. To honor Mr. Neal, and all veterans who served during that war, I believe it is fitting to outline the life of this man as a tribute to his generation which offered every full measure to keep this country safe.

On January 22, 1923, in Utica, Kansas, was born the first child to Glenn and Bessie Neal. As evidence of close attachment with family (which has become a Neal trademark) Glenn and Bessie wanted to name their son William Grant Neal after his grandparents, William Neal and Grant Smith. In the excitement, the doctor became confused and the name affixed to the baby's birth certificate was William Grant Smith Neal. However, to family and friends, he became known simply as Bill.

In fact, it was not until Bill entered the Marine Corps 18 years later that a document search revealed the complete scope of Bill Neal's full name.

Bill's father was employed by the Missouri Pacific Railroad and his job relocated him and the entire Neal family in the late 1920's to Horace, Kansas, a community located nearly on the Colorado border and right in the middle of the coming Dust Bowl. As a child, Bill soon became familiar with athletics and was a member of the Horace Elementary Basketball Team during the 5th and 6th grade. While playing in a double elimination tournament, Bill's team won the final game, but with only three players remaining; all others had fouled out. Just like life in the West Kansas plains during the 1920's and 30's, playing basketball there was tough stuff, and Bill proved he had what it took: he was one of the final three.

By the mid-1930's, the Neal family was moving again, this time to Hoisington, Kansas, where firm roots were put down. At Hoisington High School, Bill again excelled in sports as the football quarterback and in basketball and track. Naturally, his little sisters were very proud of him and anytime they would see Bill in downtown Hoisington, they would rush to his side and try to engage him in conversation. Being the big brother, however, Bill's response to such attention was normally the command, "Go Home!"

Other girls were more successful. On one occasion, a girl in Bill's class ap-

peared at the Neal home, knocked on the door, and asked for Bill. When Bill stepped outside, she quickly kissed him and ran away.

She wasn't taking the chance of being told to go home.

After High School, Bill pursued higher education at Wichita University, known today as Wichita State University, on a football scholarship. But world events were soon to disrupt Bill Neal's formal education for 4 years and, instead, provide him a role in one of the most important events of the 20th Century.

The December 7th attack on Pearl Harbor stirred the hearts of many young Americans intent on protecting our nation's shores and interests from evil forces then afoot in the world. Bill Neal was no exception.

Although not yet of age to enlist without parental consent, Bill immediately sought to join the U.S. Marine Corps and asked his father for approval. However, his father, himself a veteran of the First World War, was not eager to watch his young son march off to what he knew awaited on distant battlefields and, instead, sent him back to school in Wichita until such time that Bill would otherwise have to sign up for the draft. That time soon came and on July 11, 1942, Bill Neal entered the United States Marine Corps and set off from Kansas by rail to Marine boot camp in San Diego, California. Bill had never before stepped foot outside the state of Kansas, but now he was about to enter a far and dangerous world.

After boot camp, Bill was sent to New Zealand, which was then a staging area for hostile activities in the South Pacific. On his first Sunday there, Bill attended service at a local Methodist Church where he met the Craig family: Bob, his sons Bruce, Wallace, and Russell and Auntie Maggie. Following service, the Craigs invited Bill home for dinner and in a short time, he had become their "adopted son". Auntie Maggie taught him to drink tea in her kitchen and Wallace took him to rugby games.

The friendship which developed between Bill and the Craigs continued through the years and Bill and his wife Natalie recently made a trip to New Zealand to renew that friendship. Just last year, Russell Craig and his wife Iris made a trip to America where Bill and Natalie served as their guide from one coast all the way to the other.

But, the South Pacific in the 1940's was no vacation spot. Before long, Bill embarked from New Zealand for less hospitable receptions on Bougainville and Guadalcanal. The taste of Auntie Maggie's tea was soon replaced with the stench of hot, wet jungles.

On July 21, 1944, Bill Neal came ashore at Guam in the second wave landing on Asan Red Beach. One day later, July 22nd, Bill was in a foxhole with four other marines when the direct hit of a Japanese shell fell right on their location. Three of Bill's companions were killed instantly. Bill would

oftentimes say that every day of his life after that foxhole was a gift. It was a gift, to him and to all of us.

The wounds Bill suffered on Guam placed him in a Honolulu hospital, and after recovering he went home to Hoisington for what was to be an extended leave. But meanwhile, the storming of Iwo Jima and its resulting high number of casualties forced the military to call available servicemen back into the theater of operations. So ended Bill's home leave and once again, he was kissing his mother goodbye and boarding a train for the Pacific and a ship back to Guam where he was made pack-ready to invade Japan.

Bill was under no illusion. Everyone knew that an American invasion of the Japanese home islands would be very grim work and the chances of survival not promising. But that was exactly the breach into where Bill Neal was about to step when word came of the flight of the *Enola Gay*, the dropping of two Atomic Bombs, and the surrender of Japan. Bill often acknowledged that Harry Truman, in making the momentous decision to use atomic weapons, not only ended the war, but also saved his life.

With the war's end, Bill returned to the beloved homeland for which he had risked his life, and nearly paid the ultimate sacrifice. He readjusted to civilian life and was by 1946 enrolled at Manhattan, Kansas, in the Kansas State College, now Kansas State University, with a major in Agriculture Education and a membership in the Acacia Fraternity. He was heard to claim that he had returned to his native soil to "marry a little Kansas farm girl". He was soon to get his wish.

One September night in 1946, Bill and a group of his friends drove out into the Riley County countryside with the less-than-noble intention of appropriating some watermelons from a nearby farm. The car in which they were riding was not properly large enough for the task and Bill found that someone was going to have to sit on his lap. Not to his dismay, that someone was a little Kansas farm girl from near Elbing, who, though an accomplice in the affair, was probably far more innocent than anyone else involved. But watermelons aside, Bill Neal had met his "little Kansas farm girl" and it is doubtful if any other raid has been ever so successful.

Two days before Christmas of the following year, Natalie Baker's mother put her daughter on a bus in nearby Newton, Kansas, and within a number of hours, Natalie had arrived in Bill's hometown of Hoisington to meet the entire Neal family for the first time, visit the minister's house, and get married, all in one day. At the wedding there was only one guest, uninvited at that, by the name of Rex Archer who was one of Bill's fraternity brothers in Manhattan. After the ceremony, Bill's mother prepared a feast and sitting at the table, Rex demanded Natalie's attention and told her to take a good

look at the man she had just married. "Just look at that," he told her, "just see what your kids are going to look like!" Bill's father thought that was pretty funny. To Natalie it may have been a little sobering, but it was too late to back out, not that she would have anyway.

Less than a year later, it was time to test the prediction. On September 29, 1948, Bill and Natalie Neal had their first child, Candi, born in Manhattan, Kansas. The following night, Bill's fraternity brothers gathered outside Natalie's room in the hospital to serenade her and her infant daughter with the Acacia Sweetheart Song.

By January of 1950, Bill had graduated from college, but jobs were hard to find and his first post-graduation employment was in the form of temporary jobs in eastern Colorado and Salina, Kansas. It was in Salina on August 19, 1950, that Bill and Natalie's second child, a son named Bill, Junior, was born, known to all of us now as Billy. The Neal family was now complete.

Not long afterward, Bill was offered a position as an instructor in Ellsworth, Kansas, teaching veterans skills related to agriculture. To Bill, this was a very rewarding experience and one which gave him many long lasting friendships with his students. However, another vocation was calling. In 1953, Bill was offered a job as claims adjuster with the Farm Bureau Insurance Company, which began a career that lasted more than 30 years. After a short training session in Great Bend, Bill was assigned to the Farm Bureau office in Garden City.

The early 1950's were particularly brutal in western Kansas where dry, hot, windy days would kick up dust storms from which it was nearly impossible to escape. One Spring day in 1955, Bill was on the phone to a Farm Bureau office in eastern Kansas talking about the possibility of him taking a position in that part of the state. Bill asked if the wind was blowing in eastern Kansas that day and was told no, the sun was shining, the sky was blue, and the birds were singing.

Bill looked out his window in Garden City, couldn't see across the street for all the dust, and at that moment the decision was made to move the Neal family across the state to settle in Altamont, which has remained the Neal home ever since.

Always quick to adopt the local community spirit, Bill for a time taught Sunday School at the Altamont Presbyterian Church to high school-age and young adults. He even held briefly the position there as Assistant Sunday School Superintendent. One Sunday both the Superintendent and the pianist were gone leaving Bill fully in charge.

He arranged for a substitute pianist and all seemed to be going well. When someone in the class suggested a particular hymn, Bill joined in with enthusiasm, but didn't notice that his

hymnal was missing a page and he was singing a different song. Not long after that, Bill decided to pass on the role of Assistant Superintendent to another.

All of us, in our own way, have our own cherished memories and stories of Bill Neal. Some of the remembrances of his former coworkers and friends include those of Jim Cerne, who described Bill as simply, "his mentor". Also, Paul Schmidt, former Cherokee County Farm Bureau Agent, recalls the time his wife was concerned about his health and was pressing him to get a check-up at a clinic in Ft. Scott. Bill thought the best way to get Paul to see a doctor was to agree to see one as well. He told Paul, if you go, I will go along with you for the same treatment, and it worked. Although they were tempted to sidetrack their trip from Ft. Scott to a Missouri golf course, they did get the check-up. However, the results were a little unexpected.

Paul got a clear bill of health and Bill ended up getting gall bladder surgery.

Slick Norris, while the Altamont Grade School Principal, learned of Bill's former achievements in field and track and one day asked him to give a demonstration to the students on pole vaulting. Young Billy Neal was quite proud when his "old dad" was able to top 8 feet in prime form at the age of 39.

Bill's love of history was well known. Billy and others often noted how Bill always managed to land on "yellow" in Trivial Pursuit. But beyond that, Bill was a serious student of history and served well as the family genealogist. In fact, on a recent trip to Illinois and Indiana, he uncovered some interesting and long-forgotten tales of his mother's ancestors.

For others of us there are differing impressions. Grandchildren will be quick to remember their grandpa's booming voice and hearty laughter. And, it will be easy to imagine Bill still making the rounds at the Parsons Country Club.

Honesty was a standard Bill lived by every day of his life. On a recent tour of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bill promptly provided the full suggested donation price posted on a museum table, even after a local artist informed him it was just fine to offer only 50 cents.

Similarly, during a tour of a Mexican border town, Bill was walking down the street and came upon a young woman selling tablecloths on a display. He asked her the price and she said \$7. When he asked her for a sack to put them in, she misunderstood and said, \$6. Anyway, Bill was never one to dick-

er. But, maybe, it was his never-failing optimism that was Bill Neal's greatest calling card. To him, every morning was a "glorious good morning" and every day brought his greeting of a most deliberate "rise and shine"!

Aside from family and friends, though, it was perhaps the U.S. Marine

Corps and his experience during the war years that best shaped the qualities and character of Bill Neal. For many veterans, the horrible experiences of war are not the subject of comfortable conversation, and such was the case with Bill. Not until 1992 would Bill discuss many of his war experiences with even members of his immediate family.

In 1992, Bill and Natalie attended the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the 3rd Marine Division in San Diego. That event, coupled with his reunion of old friends and sojourners of harms way, served as an invitation for Bill to release many of the memories he had held for half a century. He began to open up and talk about those years and let us all share in the pride of what he and others did for his country and for us.

Nearly every year since then, Bill and Natalie attended these annual reunions where "Semper Fidelis" is demonstrated in a big way. In July 1994, Bill and Natalie participated in a charter flight where a large contingent of former fellow Marines, and their families, returned to Guam for the 50th Anniversary of the American landing on those shores.

As they approached the island, the pilot slowly circled the beaches below where in 1944, Bill and his comrades slogged ashore toward a hostile enemy and an uncertain fate. Its not hard to imagine the rush of emotions everyone aboard that plane experienced either remembering or imagining what it had been like. Once on the ground, the people of Guam came out to cheer the return of the liberators who marched onto their shores all those years ago and where every year since, July 21st is celebrated as "liberation day".

While the image of hero is real, it is not necessarily as a liberator, a warrior, or even as the recipient of the Purple Heart that we recall in the person of Bill Neal. Instead, it is of a loving husband and father. The relationship shared by Bill and Natalie for more than 50 years has been more than a model marriage. It is unlikely there has ever been another couple more dedicated to each other, more in tune with each other, and more deeply in love with each other than Bill and Natalie.

Bill and Natalie have given us two extremely intelligent and talented children, 8 grandchildren, and 2 great grandchildren, so far. Other survivors include two brother, Cecil Neal of Oregon, Wisconsin and Willis Neal of Overland Park, Kansas; five sisters, Glenna Schneider of Tribune, Kansas, Twyla Miller of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, Sally Hager of Dighton, Kansas, Phyllis Luerman of Hoisington, Kansas, and Penny McClung of Attica, Kansas. Bill was preceded in death by a sister, Jessie Kasselman.

In many ways, Bill Neal lived the American dream. Rising from humble origins in the still untamed plains of western Kansas, he went on to accom-

plish a challenging career, marry a lovely and talented woman, and produce loving and dedicated children. He offered everything, including his very life, in the protection of those things most important. He met the challenge of his generation when foreign oppression threatened our very way of life. He came to adopt and live by the creed of his fellow Marines, the one which it is not now too difficult to imagine him using to salute those most dear to him.

Semper Fi!•

TRIBUTE TO COL. BRUCE BERWICK, COMMANDER, BALTIMORE DISTRICT, U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

• Mr. SARBANES. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Colonel Bruce Berwick, Commander of the Baltimore District, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Col. Berwick is moving on to a new assignment at the Pentagon and I want to express my personal appreciation for the outstanding work that he has done.

The Baltimore District is one of the Corps' largest districts encompassing five States and the District of Columbia. It is responsible for twenty-three military installations, three major watersheds including the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac and Susquehanna Rivers, 14 dams and reservoirs, numerous navigation projects—large and small, and the public water supply for the Washington metropolitan area, as well as certain overseas activities. Managing the District's considerable and diverse workload presents a special challenge—a challenge that Col. Berwick met with great success. During his three-year tenure as Commander of the Baltimore District, Col. Berwick has distinguished himself as an exceptional District Engineer and a dedicated and tireless advocate for the mission of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Under his leadership, numerous military construction and civil works projects were initiated or completed including the \$1.1 billion Pentagon renovation project, the \$147 million Walter Reed Army Institute for Research, phase one of the Poplar Island beneficial use of dredged material project and the storm damage restoration work at Ocean City and the north end of Assateague Island National Seashore, to name only a few. The Colonel worked to ensure that these projects remained on cost, on schedule and were built to the highest standards. Similarly, he directed and oversaw the successful completion of numerous environmental restoration projects including the fish passageway at the Little Falls Dam on the Potomac River, wetland restoration along the Anacostia River, the planning and design for the rewatering of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the protection of Smith Island, as well as the Chesapeake Bay oyster recovery effort.

I have had the pleasure of working closely with Col. Berwick over the last three years on these and other initia-

tives throughout Maryland and the mid-Atlantic area. I know first hand the exceptional talent, ingenuity, and energy which he brought to the Baltimore District and to the Corps of Engineers. One of our most significant cooperative efforts and one which, in my view, underscores the exceptional leadership and commitment of Bruce Berwick was the repair of the Korean War Memorial. Just three years after the memorial was dedicated it was clear that it was not functioning as originally designed and was plagued by problems: the water in the fountain no longer flowed, the grove of Linden trees died and had to be removed, there were walkway and safety hazards and the lighting for the statues was failing. Col. Berwick made it a personal mission to fix these problems and ensure that the monument was repaired in time for the 50th Anniversary of the Korean War. As a result of his determined efforts, our Korean War Veterans now have a memorial for which they can be proud, one that is a fitting and lasting tribute to their service to our nation.

In recognition of his outstanding work in the Baltimore District and his other assignments throughout the world, Col. Berwick has been the recipient of numerous awards and decorations including the Legion of Merit, the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, and the Parachutist Badge. Perhaps more significantly however, his efforts and accomplishments have earned him the respect and admiration of his colleagues and others with whom he has worked. It is my firm conviction that public service is one of the most honorable callings, one that demands the very best, most dedicated efforts of those who have the opportunity to serve their fellow citizens and country. Throughout his career Bruce Berwick has exemplified a steadfast commitment to meeting this demand.

I want to extend my personal congratulations and thanks for his hard work and dedication and to wish him and his family the best of luck in his new assignment.•

TRIBUTE TO DAVID MAHONEY

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, on the first of May of this year our nation lost a great friend. David Mahoney's meteoric rise in the world of advertising and business is well-chronicled. But less known are the extraordinary contributions he made to the advancement of science—in particular, the vast field of research associated with the human brain.

After an astonishingly successful career at conglomerates such as Colgate-Palmolive and Norton Simon, David Mahoney spent the last ten years of his life devoted to the work of the Dana Alliance for Brain Initiatives. This group has brought together the world's foremost neuroscientists who work tirelessly to discover the scientific breakthroughs that will one day provide us with the capability to prevent